

But of herself she Is so straitly
skirted (Falsely reputing True Love₅
Honour's Stain) That I shall
never^move, and never die, So
many ways her mind I have
experted! Yet shall I live,, through
virtue of her eye!

ODE i 6.



BEFORE bright TITAN raised his team
Or lovely Morn with rosy cheek, With
scarlet dyed the Eastern stream,
On PHOEBUS' day, first of the week; Early,
my goddess did arise,
With breath to bless the morning air, O
heavens, which made divine mine eyes!
Glancing on such a Nymph ! so fair ! Whose
Hair, downspread in curled tresses,
PHCEBUS his glitter and beams withstood :
Much like him, when, through cypresses,
He danceth on the silver flood; Or like
the golden purled down,
Broached upon the palmed-flowered willows,
Which downward scattered from her crown,
Loosely dishevelled on love's pillows.
Covering her swan-like back below
Like ivory matched with purest gold;
Like PHCEBE when on whitest snow
Her gilded shadow taketh hold. Her
Forehead was like to the rose
Before ADONIS pricked his feet! Or like
the path to heaven which goes,
Where all the lovely Graces meet!
CUPID'S rich Chariot stood under!
Moist pearl about the wheels was set!
Grey agate spokes, not much asunder!